

The Summer Beacon

Published for the Summer Season at Rhode Island State College

No. 2

Kingston, R. I., Monday, August 4, 1947

Price Ten Cents

Course Focuses On R. I. Insects

Seven students at the Summer school are engaged in the study of Rhode Island insects in a course of systematic entomology which is being taught by Prof. Herbert Knutson, assistant professor of zoology.

These students, both graduate and undergraduate, are using as a text, the publication put out by the Connecticut Department of Agriculture, "Insects of Connecticut," as a verbal guide to the identification of insects. The course consists primarily of naming Rhode Island insects right down to kind and species. Rhode Island does not have a publication similar to that of Connecticut. However, plans are in progress to provide one as soon as possible, Prof. Knutson said.

Because there are more than a million species of insects in the U. S. and many thousands in Rhode Island it would be impossible to name them all. However, certain families of insects are studied and classified by the group.

Grasshoppers and larvae have already been studied by the class. They will also study before the Summer School session is over scarab beetles, bumblebees and plant bugs.

Although the course consists primarily of books and looking at the college collection, the people do quite a lot of collecting specimens on the outside and bringing them into class. This sort of work makes the course more interesting and prevents it from becoming a "museum course," as Prof. Knutson put it.

The students taking it as a graduate course name more difficult groups than the undergraduates. They are at the present time working on June bugs.

The class is valuable to those persons who are going into the field of insect control. According to Prof. Knutson, a person must know what a bug is before he can control it. Many insects look much alike and entail careful work with texts and comparison with collections made by an authority before it is possible to positively identify them.

Speaking of the need for a publication on Rhode Island insects, Prof. Knutson said that he entertained a hope for such a publication. Work on it will take many years and will be done by students and faculty alike at the State College in conjunction with the Rhode

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Festival of American Music

AUGUST 8—

8:30 p. m.—Concert of Contemporary Music by composer-conductors

Walter Hendl, Norman Dello Joio, pianists;
Arthur Kreutz, violinist
Admission charge

AUGUST 9—

12:00 noon—R. I. Federation of Music Clubs meeting and picnic lunch.

2:00 p. m.—New England Folk Music "Gatherin'."

Ballad singers, fiddlers' club, square dance teams.
No admission charge

8:30 p. m.—Contemporary Band Music
Admission charge

AUGUST 10—

3:00 p. m.—Concert of All-American Music

By Summer Music Camp students (Choir and Orchestra)
Admission charge

Admission Charges:

General fee for all concerts—\$1, including tax.
Fee for single concerts—60c, including tax.

Tickets:

At the office of the Director of Music, Edwards Hall.

Alumnus Aids in Discovery

According to Dr. Donald B. Johnstone, '42, former science student at State College, who is now connected with the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station at New Brunswick, N. J., soil from Bikini Atoll, scene of last year's atomic bomb tests, has yielded a new drug that has been found twice as powerful as streptomycin in checking tuberculosis germs.

Reporting the discovery to the Society of American Bacteriologists on May 16, Dr. Johnstone said the new drug, called "Streptomyces II—Bikinensis," inhibits the growth of many bacteria and tests made on chick embryos indicate the drug is non-poisonous. He made no claim to have used it successfully on human beings.

Dr. Johnstone said the germ-inhibiting properties of the Bikini soil had nothing to do with atomic energy. Such soil may exist "in a thousand other places," he explained, adding that he happened to find it on Bikini while he was there as a scientific observer of "Operation Crossroads."

In his experiments at New Brunswick, Dr. Johnstone said he is aided by Dr. Salman Waksman, discoverer of streptomycin.

As an undergraduate, Dr. Johnstone was president of Phi Mu Delta, president of the Phi Sigma Society, and a member of the Sachers, Polygon, and the Beacon. He was employed in atomic bomb experiments at Bikini as a civilian scientist. He studied for his doctorate at Rutgers University.

Campus Mirror

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

Your reporter has been trying this week to do just that, to help us here at Rhody see ourselves as the visiting summer students see us. And to his sorrow your reporter has found that our spottless Rhody has blemishes quite apparent to another's eye. We as a whole are accused by them of being unfriendly, offish, they say, ambling along slowly like a turtle in a protective shell. We stick our heads out now and then to aid direction and quickly withdraw within our own circle again. Yet contradicting this they claim that when we do unbend enough to indulge in friendly chat our verbal speed is such that they have difficulty in following us. Sometimes they merely grasp both ends, losing the middle entirely.

They, too, find us juvenile for our mental age—"unsophisticated" was the jaw breaker they hurled at your scribe. But that to my way of thinking is not entirely a fault. It could well be an added charm. Perhaps that is why they, the outside women students, find the courses easy. Perhaps they are so adult and mature that courses pruned down to our childish grasp are as nothing to them.

Then, too, a number of these newcomers are from city colleges which lack the informality and naturalness of our country life. If they should stay on our campus through the year they would soon learn to find the same joy in the simple things that we do. They have, however, no adverse criticism of our faculty—how could they?

At home we grumble most, so we here at Rhody, mumble and grumble about the food. But when questioned on this same topic our guests sing rhapsodies about this humble fare at which we scoff. Hearing their praises, which we realize must arise by comparison with their own cafeterias, we should try in the future to remember that nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse. The end of this questioning points a moral—let us cease grumbling and realize that we are not so badly off.

One and all our visitors agree that Rhody herself has a beautiful campus and setting, supplemented by R. I. beaches. She leaves little to be desired in summer beauty.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" and the answer is unanimous: R. I. State.

Labor Institute Sessions Held

Informally conducted classes were the keynote of the workers' institute last week under the sponsorship of the Textile Workers Union of America, CIO, which is conducting institutes in many colleges and universities throughout the country this Summer.

Approximately 95 union members from Rhode Island and other nearby State locals attended classes throughout the week on subjects designed to aid these people in making their unions stronger. Interest reached a high pitch many times and discussions were as lively as these persons strived to gain more and more knowledge of labor problems and how they affected their unions.

Classes were conducted by education officials of the national union and several State College professors, for the most part, in Quonset Hut classrooms. These classes were on subjects such as collective bargaining, labor legislation, public speaking, labor movements and the TWUA, and building a strong union.

In the class concerning collective bargaining, real negotiations between union and plant managers were simulated. Discussions were held on seniority rating under conditions nearly like those met when a contract with a textile plant is actually arbitrated. Simulated grievances were brought in by those taking part as union officials and they were argued by students who acted as plant managers. This class was taught by Joseph Glazer, assistant education director of the national union.

The students at the institute were all loyal union members and hold posts in the various local unions that sent them. They were extremely diligent and desirous of learning all that they could in what they termed an all too brief week.

Evening discussion periods were also held for the knowledge-hungry workers. Speakers gave lectures and the students asked questions and had them answered.

It was easy to see that many of the students attending classes had not been in school for quite a long time. Class room discipline was not up to par and many times instructors had to shout to make themselves heard over the hubbub that prevailed. The students were engaged much of the time in discussions of various things pertaining to labor-management rela-

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AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CAMPUS

The Summer BEACON

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MONDAY, JULY 28, 1947

Contributing Staff: Leo A. Chabot, David L. Feinman, J. J. Horan, Roy Johnston, Harold U. Larkin, James L. Pritchard, Ruth Salter, Dale Taft and James Van Dee.

"Ho Hum — Oh, Pshaw!"

By "Gale Aff"

A round table discussion in the English 17 class last Monday on the merits of the English vegetarian, George Bernard Shaw, nearly assumed titanic proportions as two students sought to defend him against the onslaughts of several of their classmates.

The whole incident began rather as an accident when the reporter for the BEACON had a bright idea and contacted Dr. Walter L. Simmons, instructor of the course, and asked him if he could arrange a round table among members of the class on the subject of contemporary American literature and authors. Little realizing what was to take place, he gave his consent, and now I fear, a perpetual battle will be raging about his head as a result of that fateful discussion.

Although I am woefully ignorant as to facts concerning the beginning of the fray, I believe it all started when George Chatalien mentioned that he was an admirer of G. B. S. What happened after this innocent remark shows that were Shaw to walk in upon the class while in session he would probably flee in fear for his life.

Chatalien, who is interested in philosophy, presented the viewpoint that he, like Shaw, believes that most societies are a mass of complexes and contradictions.

This statement immediately brought a stinging rebuff from Samuel Sarkisian, who said that he thought Shaw was "wacky" in five different ways. He went on to state that, in his opinion, the master of the well-known Shavian wit was not a playwright. He said that when you see a Shavian drama, "you see five or six Bernard Shaws covorting about on the stage."

"Shaw is all wrapped up in himself," he added.

Sarkisian then mentioned that he did not think much of Shaw's philosophy. Among his remarks on this phase of Shaw, he said, "Shaw is an old dotard who sticks his head in the sand and lets things go by unnoticed. Most people think of him as being an omnipotent philosopher, but he is an old soak as far as I am concerned."

At this point it looked as though Chatalien would have to admit that Sarkisian had scored a "touche." However, this was not the case. He countered with the statement that Shaw never claimed to be an omnipotent philosopher. He said, "Shaw is very modest and very liberal. He is a popular philosopher, not a professional."

Sarkisian received help after this remark by Jack Crandall, who in an incensed tone stated, "Shaw is a parasite. He stands up and condemns society as a whole. If society should fall away so would Shaw!"

Chatalien came back with the rejoinder, "That is a preposterous charge thrown at all writers. Shaw is a man of great strength. Writing is a terribly difficult task; it is more difficult to write than it is to dig ditches!"

"I don't think him a parasite because he is a writer," Crandall returned. "I think so because he condemns society."

Chatalien answered, "There is right in condemning much of society."

Sarkisian now rose and took issue of the debate thus far and made another disparaging remark, "Shaw didn't profess to be a professional philosopher but he was always putting his two cents worth in."

A new opponent to Chatalien then entered the fracas. Miss Jean Lynch, who backed up Sarkisian, made the remark that she thought Shaw was a publicity hound.

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Hail to Engineering

By Roy J. Johnston

Somewhere back in the dim past the Commencement Day speaker reached his crescendo of inspirational advice to the youthful high school graduates and the figurative doors of the cold, hard world opened menacingly before me. Education, to this point in life, had been a process of learning that I had been more or less forcibly exposed to; a necessity that became such only because of a constantly watchful family and an unsympathetic government statute. The thought that such an experience would ever be of actual value in acquiring the convertible sedan to which I had dedicated my life's work had not, as yet, occurred to me. The family, well intentioned—I was sure of that—but a mistaken and misunderstanding family, urged me, vainly, to continue on to college and the attending glories. Somehow the logic in my reasoning failed to convince them that by omitting college I could, in a much shorter time, amass a tidy personal fortune; become a figure of prominence; and make it possible for all my relatives to spend the remainder of their days in comparative luxury. The argument ended only when I decided that by diplomatically departing in the night I should be able to enrich the City of Boston by my presence and at the same time begin amassing the fortune that was surely to come my way when the world recognized my many virtues.

Three additional years of adolescence and a number of employers who found me somewhat less than indispensable to the success of their enterprises contributed in no small degree to the tiny doubt that had begun to mold itself around my glowing self-esteem. Then, suddenly, I discovered engineering, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that engineering discovered me. I had been lustily swinging a pickaxe on a road construction crew when the company surveyor, evidently liking the swing I had developed, asked me if I would be interested in becoming an engineer. The vision of myself dressed in high boots and riding breeches with mysterious looking sheaths and instruments hanging to my belt instantly appealed to my fancy as well as to my aching back. With my arms earnestly lifted to opportunity I climbed from my catch basin and received my first engineering instrument—a sledgehammer.

For a month I pounded wooden stakes until I believed it impossible for the national resources to produce any more wood. Then the resources doubled crossed me and I found myself pounding iron pins. There was, however, a bright spot in the midst of my labor, for no sooner had I left my catch basin behind me than I had, at least in my own mind and in the letters to a somewhat confused family, become one of the illustrious elite of construction workers, an engineer. Engineering, a hitherto unexplored field in my experience, had clutched me avidly by the imagination.

I wanted to peer through a shining instrument and wave my arms wildly and wisely to people far in the distance. I wanted to shout technical sounding instructions to people, with a voice that would carry an air of authority and would cause other listeners to hear and nod sagely to themselves. I wanted to take a large piece of orange chalk or a pot of white paint and draw cryptic looking designs on every available object so the uninitiated could watch and marvel. Yes, I was truly a convert to the glamor of engineering, so much so that the following year found me, aided and abetted by the shortage of manpower, in the Canadian forests peering and shouting and drawing, cryptically.

At this point another technician of sorts stepped squarely into world history, his big feet landing ruthlessly on my plans for becoming the world's most able engineer. Adolph the paperhanger began pasting his swastikas over the walls of Europe and I, with the patriotic enthusiasm of youth, proceeded to declare war on him. Radio school, the Eighth Air Force, the Ninth Air Force, Ireland, England, France, and four precious years of life passed in a confused blur before I found myself standing again on "Civvy Street" with the G. I. Bill of Rights gripped firmly in one hand and my boots and breeches in the other. Engineering still beckoned and with the value of an education finally implanted in my mind I hied myself off to the West Virginia Institute of Technology and a semesterful of Algebra, Trig, Chemistry, and the biggest headaches I had ever encountered. At mid-semester isotopes valiantly battled with conversed sines to gain a place in a brain that I felt to be already overcrowded to the limit, while I lay back gasping with the enormity of the things that composed knowledge.

Nearing the end of the semester I made what was to prove to be a fatal mistake insofar as engineering was concerned. I looked ahead into the future courses that I would have to embrace in my pursuit of an engineering degree and discovered the existence of such things as Thermodynamics, Hydrology, Indeterminate Structures, and Physical Meteorology.

The next day as I left the Dean's office, my permission for a change of curriculum safely buttoned in my pocket, some of the figures and statistics he had quoted to me began to sort themselves out and take shape. It seemed that some seventy per cent of the returning veterans had succumbed to the glamor of my old inspiration, engineering, and that in a few years' time the nation's schools would be spewing forth unprecedented quantities of engineers into an already overcrowded field. Perhaps those weren't the Dean's exact words but at least they seem to serve as an adequate explanation each time that the people who knew me "when" inquire the reason for my convalescence in a Liberal Study course.

Radio Class Gets the Works

Would you like to be a radio announcer, a dynamic sports commentator, deliver those glowing, honey coated commercials? Do you have a suppressed desire to portray John's other wife's first husband's third cousin? What you need is a shot of English 9, radio speaking. Mr. Jones delivers the dope.

This course deals with the problems of adapting speech to radio, use of the equipment, and production technique.

The students prepare their own scripts, either adapting material for radio presentation or writing original stories. The author of each script produces his show, selecting the cast from among the rest of the class. The entire program is planned and timed, from opening announcement, through the story and transitional music to the final credit line. The producer directs the entire performance by means of standard radio hand signals and keeps the program on rigid time schedule.

This class is doing a good job in spite of being handicapped by a lack of equipment and a suitable

studio. The work is now conducted between two rooms at Quinn that are about as sound proof as a juke box.

Some of the programs being produced are "The Killers," a short story adaptation by Fred Lopez; "On A Note of Triumph," a short story adaptation by Thomas Conway; "The Children's Hour," a fairy tale adaptation by Janet Bierman, and "Life With Suzie," original story by Joseph Pacheco.

Horse Play

By Nance McDuff

Another faculty member, Dr. Edward M. J. Pease, finds acting a pleasing contrast to teaching math. In the Matunuck production of "Joan of Lorraine" the college mathematics professor had the role of a French peasant, and his lines were largely concerned with horses. Dr. Pease is qualified to discuss care of horses, because he has had several riding horses that have been used by his family and friends in the community. In more ways than one, Dr. Pease is adept at "horse play."

Spring Shadow

By Nance McDuff

That morning Mother had said, "Spring is here." She was pulling the string that lifted the blind in the dining room. She had been all wrapped up in yellow light, and it got yellower when she opened the window. There was a yellow stripe on the floor, too. It wasn't just on the floor. It went up a little into the air where things danced in it and got lost and other little pieces of something that wasn't any color started to dance.

But she had said it was Spring and I had been waiting to hear that because I hated the long ribbed stockings and she had said every time I asked her when I could wear my knee socks, "When Spring comes." She had said it. I didn't ask her about the knee socks; I just went to my room and put them on because sometimes she didn't always remember what she said. When I showed them to her she must have remembered because she said, "Try not to fall down when you roller skate." She didn't like it when my knees were all covered in what came out of the red bottle which didn't hurt like what was in the brown bottle.

It was nice to have Spring come on a Saturday. I put on my shoes that had places to catch the roller skates on and went out the back door. When I saw Rosa in the kitchen she said, "I guess you won't be needing any mittens today." In the winter she sometimes said my wet mittens, all lined up on the big radiator under the window, made a bad smell in the kitchen. I liked the way the air showed over them, but it seemed funny that the red ones that left my hands red didn't make red air. It would have been pretty.

There wasn't anyone around when I went down the steps and I stopped and laughed at the funny faces my knees made when I made them tight. The stone felt warm under my legs when I sat down on the bottom step. The roller skates didn't fit, and I had to make them longer to fit my new shoes that didn't have any white places on the toes yet. Suzanne was across the street throwing a ball against the garage. Philip was there washing one of the cars in the driveway. Philip was always washing a car. His daughter was sitting there in her bicycle like she always was. It was a funny kind of a bicycle made like a chair and she pushed the wheels with her hands. She didn't have a blanket over her legs today and they looked sort of funny, not really like legs at all. Joan, that's Philip's daughter, wasn't much fun. She didn't talk much and she didn't like to jump rope or roller skate or anything, so I asked Suzanne if she wanted to skate with me.

"My skates aren't any good anymore. Mother told Philip to go down to Baker's and get me a new pair. But he has to finish washing the car first and then take Joan home." When she came across the street I saw she had on knee socks too, and like me, just a sweater over her dress. "Let's see if Kathleen can come out. She doesn't have any skates anyway." I left my skates on the sidewalk and thought just for a minute how I should put them on the back porch, but it was such a nice warm day and not a day to remember the little things like that that people were always telling you about over and over and that were so hard to remember to do.

Kathleen's house always smelled dark like the room in our cellar where there were old trunks and screens, baskets we never used, jars and the mousetrap that had a mouse in it once. We went through the dining room and looked to see if the room across was open. It wasn't. Kathleen had told me that they only used that room when something sad happened. We tried to look in from the outside sometimes when Kathleen wasn't with us, but the shades were always pulled down and we never did see the sad room. In the kitchen Kathleen was "doing dishes" at a big blackish sink. Suzanne and I never "did dishes" except when we helped Kathleen. She was always doing them because her aunt worked and didn't have time. Her uncle wasn't there today and I'll bet Suzanne was glad too, like I was. His name was Mickey Dugan, and my brother said he had a bar-room and that people used to play pool there, and I guess from the

Wins Promotion

Miss Alice Mulvey, who attended the summer session's home workshop course, has been appointed director of home economics education in the Cranston public schools. A graduate of the college in 1937, Miss Mulvey has been director of the home economics division of the West Warwick Junior High School.

Destination

By Paul Sutton

On route one, just across from the road which turns off to York Beach, Maine, a young man sweated in a brown tweed jacket and a pair of gray flannel pants. Beside the young man lay a brown leather suitcase. As each auto passed, he extended his right arm to give the hitch-hiker's sign. Presently, a modest auto stopped and the young man, struggling with his suitcase, got in.

"I can take you as far as Boston." "Good, that's where I'm going." "You live in Boston?" "No, I'm going to work there." "What line are you in?" "I'm going to be a janitor," smiled the young man to his loquacious benefactor.

"If I may ask, why are you going so far for a job like that?" mused the fat man at the wheel. "I'm going to work at Harvard and meet some of the people there."

"Yes, but not all of them will talk with janitors." "I'm not interested in the ones who won't."

"What will you do when you're not sweeping halls or talking with people?" "Read books and look at Boston."

"Where have you been this summer?" "Chopping wood up near Water-bille."

"Is your home in Maine?" "I was born in Louisville, but I've lived in lots of places."

"That's the way you live; just traveling from place to place?" "Yes, and it's a good life."

"You seem to be intelligent, why don't you get a decent job and settle down?"

"There are too many people to meet, there's too much to see, and I still have too much to learn."

"And where do you think that'll get you?"

"I seldom travel with a destination in mind. When I do that, I get excited and forget to look at the scenery."

way he said it that that isn't so good. I don't know if it's true that he did that, but I do know that I didn't like the way he smelled and the way he was always sitting in the same chair in the kitchen reading a green newspaper and looking mad about something. He used to kick Toni, too, and Toni was about the nicest dog I ever knew. He wasn't pretty and he did have an awful habit of letting everyone know where Kathleen was hiding when we played hiding kind of games. I guess he was so big that he never could hide all of himself, especially his long tail. It was always wagging around a house or a tree or someplace and you could tell Kathleen was there, too. It used to make her mad sometimes the way he'd show everybody where she was, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. Toni went everywhere she did, and she loved him more than she loved anyone. She told me so once.

Whenever we couldn't make up our minds about anything we used to sit in the big lot and we could usually decide there. Today it happened, like it did sometimes, that we didn't decide anything except to stay there. We got to talking about things. Kathleen kept holding onto Toni's collar and losing her hand in the long silky red hair that felt so warm in the sun. A car came down the street real fast and Toni started to run after it as he always did. Kathleen looked scared and said, like she was going to cry, "Hold him, hold him, help me hold him." We both grabbed him and he wiggled hard, but he didn't get away and the car went by. Then Kathleen told us what Mickey Dugan had told her the night before that had made her cry all

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Judge Not Another

By Marion L. Fendleton

The room was hushed, warm, and heavily scented. Carnations, roses, and lilies were doing their best to outdo the fragrance of all the summer flowers. The mourners sat on the floor, as the Reverend Mr. Adams spoke at length of Mrs. Payton's many virtues and of the many and time she had devoted to the Red Cross, Girl Scouts, and to the Presbyterian Church. A few of the relatives were present, but distant relatives, the group consisted of unmovable villagers. The sister was the widow of a former mill superintendent, and possessor of an ample income, she had gone into her business asking nothing about her being typical small town of anyone. Being typical small town people the residents resented the fact that she kept her affairs so completely to herself.

Next the front seat Ann Taylor, her high school math teacher. Her pretty young face was calm, but the usual smiling, deep blue eyes were rather smiling nor calm.

You fools! Most of you are here out of curiosity, not sympathy. You don't really care that Mrs. Payton is dead! You never liked her, or visited her when she was alive. Why be hypocrites now? You thought she was snobbish, didn't you? It took me a year to learn, but you've lived here all your lives, but you should know as well as I that you've all lost a loyal friend. Mr. Adams speaks the truth, but he tells only half the story.

How strange it all was that first night I arrived in Johnston! I didn't know anyone—just had a name and address: Mrs. James K. Payton, II, Walnut Street. A middle-aged, severe-looking woman appeared at the door. My heart sank. "You're the new teacher?" she asked. Dead tired, I followed her upstairs into a sweet-smelling, cozy room. The curtains were white and freshly laundered, I could tell. It was in keeping with the rest of the house—a place for gracious living. "Have a bath, and we'll have dinner in half an hour," she said.

That meal—it was delicious, but I wonder how I ever lived through it? All those questions about my home and family. I couldn't know they sprang only from loneliness and a friendly effort to put me at my ease. Her strait-laced attitudes.

I Meet Hippocrates

By Charles E. Bardsley

Magor and I were beginning to show the effects of our visit to the orthopedic room. We had entered into the night's activities as two casual observers who should have been minding their own hospital beds rather than watching for recruits. However, the wailing of sirens had touched off the first spark of curiosity.

The sirens had hardly died out when Magor and I were stealing from our beds in the ward to look into the cause. Lights were flashing on down the hall as the emergency crew waddled in a blanket-swathed figure. The confused scene took on new meaning when a short, thick-featured medical officer took charge. We both knew Captain Colloff well, for he was in charge of our cases. Captain Colloff had a reputation for fine workmanship and strong self-assurance which showed itself in his dealing with nurses and ward boys.

The procession of which we were a part turned right toward the Orthopedic Surgery. Magor was engaged in a low conversation with our friend the anesthetist, from whom we learned that the patient had "shot-up" his hand while removing a charged .50 calibre machine gun from an airplane.

Before anyone had time to wonder what our interest was, we found ourselves inside the operating room. We became as inconspicuous as our bed bathrobes would allow and suddenly became witnesses to an amputation. I spared myself the actual scene as much as I could by watching the doctor's alert eyes, while the clock on the wall ticked ominously.

The patient was just being removed from the room when suddenly I noticed Captain Colloff tear off his mask and dash to an adjoining lavatory. Through the haze of ether fumes and above the muffled creak of stretcher wheels, came the sound of repeated retching.

What a stunner for conventions she was! Not an article seemed out of place in that household. I was afraid to move. Oh, I was dying for a cigarette, but what would she say? I'll never forget my shock when she passed me an ashtray and said, "If you smoke, Miss Taylor, it's all right with me. By the way, do you mind if I call you Ann?"

I can see myself coming down to breakfast fully dressed; no negligees allowed downstairs. Saying goodnight to my boyfriends on the front steps; no men allowed in the house after ten o'clock. Morning interrogations concerning the last hour I came home the night before. Efforts to find out from me any bits of town news. Those long drawn-out dinners with their endless conversations, and every minute I urged to leave and join the gang at "Easy's."

How upset she used to get for fear I'd forget to lock the doors, shut the refrigerator door, put out a cigarette, or turn off the station. Poor soul, I suspect I caused her many sleepless nights.

Cold winter nights and the mercury ten below or lower. What a cheery fire we used to have. We'd sit around it chatting, she crocheting, and I knitting, half waiting for the phone to ring and offer me an excuse to venture out. How she seemed to enjoy those rare evenings! Mrs. Payton didn't go out often, but she did love to talk! At ten o'clock, likely as not, she'd make some hot chocolate and serve some of her date-nut bread. Umm—it was really out of this world.

I did have privacy in my room, though. She never said anything about the midnight oil I burned, or the racket my old typewriter made far into the night. I never saw her ruffled or flustered. Gee, what dignity. It kept me on my toes every minute. Those first months I never actually let Mrs. Payton see the real me.

Then—I caught the mumps from the school kids. No one to take care of me. They wouldn't even let me into the hospital because it was contagious. For a whole week she carried trays up to me, and all the time she had heart trouble, but I didn't know. She helped me recover enough to go home at Easter vacation. Only she knew how much I'd been planning on that.

That candy I gave Mrs. Payton on Mothers' Day. She accepted it under protest, but in her usual dignified manner. However, I overheard her proudly telling the minister's wife about it later.

On Sunday I'd often accompany her to church. She seemed to hate to go alone. Sometimes I'd sleep late, and miss church. She never said anything, but I felt her entire day was ruined.

It was June. At last I could go home and see the old familiar faces and places again. As I said goodbye, there were tears of loneliness and affection in her eyes. She asked me if I'd send her a post card once in a while.

You selfish little wretch, you couldn't see that you had spent a year with one of the loneliest, kindest women in town. She had given you a comfortable, friendly home, good home cooked meals, and a mother's care when you were ill. If lonely years and habit had made her a bit of the extreme conventionalist, was it her fault?

People are leaving. I guess I'd better pull myself together and go, too. I hope everyone leaves me strictly alone. I'm in no mood for their inane remarks.

"Hello, Miss Taylor. Too bad that such a fine woman as Mrs. Payton had to go. She will be sadly missed."

"She certainly will, Mrs. Fillmore."

"She was rather strict in her ways, though. You surely must have spent a trying year when you lived with her. She just didn't understand young people, my dear!"

Course Focuses

On R. I. Insects

(Continued from Page One)

Island Department of Agriculture. Each year students in the systematic entomology classes will work on a phase of the publication by aiding in the identification of Rhode Island insects.

A Rainy Night On Canal Street

By Charles E. Bardsley

Rain loves New Orleans and comes often to caress her cobbles and bathe her modern surfaces. When the sharp, crisp sounds of day give way to the hollow, reverberating noises of the night, the change is frequently emphasized by an accompaniment of rain—sometimes a spluttering gust, many times an uneven tattoo.

A fringe of iridescent beads hangs from awnings, from light wires, from hat brims turned down to guard vulnerable necks. Small puddles, large puddles, round puddles, oval puddles, formed in indentations in walks and streets, hold shimmering between curb and thoroughfare, snatch the light, eagerly hold it, dance with it, then throw it in the faces of dull-visaged passers-by.

The dull, maiden rain of day suffers the miracle of nocturnal transfiguration. In its place is born a water sprite. Sometimes it flickers on marquees; sometimes it makes a ski-slide of the spiraled convolutions of the drab green lamp posts. At times it spells Jung, Godechaux's, Maison Blanche in the jagged, geometrical figures of neon and heat lightning. At times the joyous creature laughs gaily as it turns some-what on car tops, on windshields, on hoods and fenders of passing cars. With demonic, glittering fingers it holds back the acrid odor of burning grease, of pungent onions, within the portals of hamburger stands and pseudo-cabarets.

The nun in her sombre, clinging garb, dull and unprovoked, is transformed by a premature halo. The drenched policeman, maintaining his dignity, steps under his gabled shed. The derelict, oblivious of silken lingerie, hunches his shoulders against the livid glass of women's apparel store.

The rain persists. New Orleans, the harlot, perfumed and immaculate again, attended by her handmaidens, sits at her front window beckoning.

Spring Shadow

(Continued from Page Two)

night long. "If that dog chases a car again, the dog-catcher will come and take him and keep him. That dog's no good, I tell you. He's a blame nuisance knocking his water bowl over every other thing, leaving them red hairs all over the rug and barkin' all mornin'," after you go to school, so's I can't sleep. You gotta keep that muzzle on him. And don't tell me he lost it again. You mind what I say, Kathleen. You see he don't chase cars and that he don't bark or the dog-catcher will take him and keep him. He'll kill that Toni of yours."

If anyone else had said that I guess I'd have thought he was kidding, but not Mickey Dugan. He was bad and he knew about bad things and he must be right about the dog-catcher. But how could anyone take Toni away and kill him? Why? He had soft fur, yellow eyes that seemed to understand everything. The dog-catcher couldn't have seen Toni's eyes. If he had he'd know Toni was good. He hadn't seem him run. Why there wasn't a dog in the neighborhood could catch him, and there wasn't a car that he couldn't catch up to even when the car had a head-start. Kill Toni? Well, he might take him, but once he saw what kind of a dog Toni was, he'd bring him back. I said all this to Kathleen but she just kept on crying and told us she knew it wouldn't make any difference to the dog-catcher. Nothing made any difference to the dog-catcher. Mickey had said so. Nothing made any difference to the dog-catcher, not even that Toni could pull you on a sled in the winter and go so fast the wind made you close your eyes because he went faster than the wind.

Toni didn't know anything about it and I wished I could make him understand about the barking and the cars and the water bowl. He was all curled up like a pretzel, scratching his side with his foot. He did a lot of scratching and would get so mad when he couldn't find what was itching him. He kept on doing it until his other back foot slid out from under him and he srawled on the grass. Kathleen and Suzanne were trying to help him and what was itching, and I

Master of Arts

Whether his real life as father has made him an effective stage father is a question that Lauren Gilbert is asking himself these days, while he was rehearsing for another role as father in this week's Matunuck play, "Years Ago," which opens the sixth week of the Theatre-by-the-Sea season this evening.

Father of twins—a boy and a girl, aged two, and another daughter, four—gives him an average American home background, he says, and the Gilbert household in Bronxville, N. Y., "is typical of almost any other lively domestic scene," says the Matunuck leading man.

As Clinton Jones, retired sea captain of Wollaston, Mass., a Boston suburb, in next week's comedy about a stage-struck adolescent who grew up to be one of the contemporary American theatre's leading lights, Gilbert will play a peppy but benevolent dad who loves life and his daughter Ruth.

His other two roles as father this season were as the district court judge in "Dear Ruth," when he was a well-intentioned dad, and as the tyrannical father of Elizabeth Barrett in the "Barretts of Wimpole Street." In the first play he made the audience sympathize with his genial bungling, and in the second, he made them hate his paternal domination of his invalid daughter whose love for the poet, Robert Browning, he tried to strangle.

Last season Gilbert played the father of Corliss Archer in the comedy "Kiss and Tell," and in "Pygmalion" he was the effete Colonel Pickering.

But roles as father are not Gilbert's only specialty, for he is more versatile than most actors. In "State of the Union" he was the suave politician, aged about 60. For this part he affected iron-gray hair, which he got that way by wearing white grease paint throughout the entire week. In the current "Joan of Lorraine," he is the energetic director, and portrays an entirely different type. In "Dream Girl" he was a metropolitan newspaper reporter who got both his story and his girl.

The home life of the Gilberts is saturated with the theatre, for Mrs. Gilbert is also a professional actress. Her stage name is her own—Jackson Perkins. This past season she was an alternate for Mady Christians and Miriam Hopkins in "Message for Margaret." As a full-time mother she can get in some part-time theatre, living near enough to Broadway. This past season, Gilbert was also a father in the Broadway production of "Street Scene," though in it his role was that of villain.

A graduate with the bachelor of arts degree from Nebraska Wesleyan, Gilbert went on to the University of Chicago to start his study

got to thinking, not about Toni, but about the dog-catcher.

He must be very bad. Kathleen was crying now and she'd cry so much more if anything happened to Toni. She'd be alone a lot of the time in that dark wet house because sometimes there was only Kathleen and Toni in it—even at night. But Mickey Dugan had said it. NOTHING MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE DOG-CATCHER. He wouldn't care? He'd even kill Toni? How? Put him away. Mother had said that old sick dogs who wouldn't feel well ever again had to be "put away," that it didn't hurt, that they wanted it that way. But the dog-catcher wouldn't be putting Toni away, because Toni didn't want it that way.

He must be about the worst person in the world. There isn't anything he wouldn't do. Yellow soft eyes in a frying pan, red silky hair burning. . . . I couldn't look at Toni; I couldn't look. There was a pounding against my ribs and I could feel it in my throat. I put my hand there and it thumped, and then I could hear it. There was a shadow walking around the edge of a car parked across the street. I didn't wait to see who was making it. I knew. I ran up the street with my eyes on my roller skates. Faster and faster. I didn't look back, but I could see the dog-catcher. If only he hadn't seen that I had left my roller skates on the sidewalk.

I stooped to pick them up, and my dress felt wet where it had been on the grass. It wasn't Spring yet. Mother was wrong.

of medicine, but he forsook this to study dramatics and speech at the University of Michigan, from which he holds his master of arts degree. During the war he served a couple years in the Navy—another preparation for his part next week as a retired New England sea captain.

Probably his most valuable single experience in training for his profession has been that of making talking books for the blind. Among the many "speaking books" he has made are Wendell Willkie's "One World," which has a preface by the late Mr. Willkie himself. He has also voiced a history text, "The Rise of Our Free Nation," which ran to 115 records.

Playing summer stock is really "a tough grind." While playing one week, he is rehearsing daily for next week's production. From about 10 to 11 each morning he memorizes lines. Then there is a two-hour rehearsal before lunch. After the meal hour, rehearsal again for two hours at least. After the evening's play, he reads more lines until 2 or 3 a. m., and then drops off to sleep from sheer fatigue, he says.

"If anyone gets the idea that acting is a pipe, let him try a summer stock schedule like that. It's grueling." But Matunuck Theatre patrons marvel at the smooth, polished performance that Lauren Gilbert is able to give week after week despite the "terrific pressure" that he says is necessary if "a competent acting job is to be done."

Life as father—"well, it really is life," he sighs as he relaxes for a five-minute rest period between scene rehearsals on the tennis court at the Inn-by-the-Sea where Producer Edward Gould quarters his players. Lauren will be glad to get back to Bronxville.

October 12

By Paul Sutton

It was a warm day, very warm. Baltimore can be that way in October. Calvert Street stretched out from the center of the city where it was black tar. Later it became yellow brick, and out by the Towson line it was dirty white cement. Where the brick was yellow, around the twenty-five-hundred block, the brown walls of the row houses made the street look like a long box with a bright blue top. Yes, it was all very warm.

In one of the windows which punctuated the sides of the box a head could be seen. It was a young head and a rather handsome head. The head was very still; it seemed almost to be asleep. Perhaps the head and the body of the head's owner were asleep, but the eyes in the head, the grey eyes, were not. The eyes were very much awake, they looked into the street and into the people who walked in the street. Sometimes the eyes would weep. The eyes wept when they saw unhappiness in the people who passed below them. Again, the eyes would laugh. They would laugh when they looked above the flat roofs of the houses across the street and up into the blue sky and into the stately masses of cloud as they marched across the face of the sky. It was good to see the sky because it was cool and no one, nothing, could make the sky change or tell it what to do. No, the sky was complete in itself and the master of the firmament. The sky was god; there the eyes could see his beauty and his power. Yes, the eyes knew all of those things.

The head moved and the body moved. The tired old dressing gown fell off of the shoulders and the frayed sash writhed on the floor like a little snake. The worn brown slippers were replaced with a worn brown pair of street shoes. A baggy jacket slipped over the shoulders and the worn brown street shoes bumped down the groaning stairs and across a faded rug. The door squeaked and the shoes shuffled across the wooden porch and out into the street. Up Twenty-Fifth Street to Guilford Road and into a small eating place. The white hands helped the pale mouth to eat and then the shoes left again and walked back across Twenty-Fifth Street to the house in Calvert Street. The fingers of the pale hand slipped on the black enameled doorknob. The door

(Continued on Page Four)

Sports Parade

By Leo A. Chabot

The softball standings thus far show A E Pi definitely in the lead, while Davis Hall and Theta Chi are the only ones who have a chance of upsetting the league leaders. Here are the latest standings:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
A E Pi	6	1	.857
Davis Hall	4	2	.667
Theta Chi	4	3	.572
Frank's Regs.	2	2	.500
Hut No. 4	1	4	.200
Phi Mu Delta	0	3	.000

In the last encounter between A E Pi and Theta Chi, Theta Chi won by a score of 14-13 in a thrilling, nine inning game. In the first of the ninth with the score 11 all, Summer of A E Pi hit a circuit clout with one man on to place A E Pi in the lead 13-11. In the last of the ninth, however, Joe Fallon of Theta Chi, with three men on bases, hit a long double deep to left center to score three more runs and thus seal the game for Theta Chi 14-13. The big sticks for Theta Chi were Kramer, Fallon and Mitcherella; for A E Pi, Summer, Lazarus and Deitch. The pitchers were Kramer for Theta Chi and Warren for A E Pi.

The table tennis tourney is going very well. At the end of the second round the contestants are Sam Sarkisian, Finley, Emery and Rowe. Sarkisian is the man to watch, but anything can happen in the semi-finals and finals of this tournament.

In the High School Girls' table tennis tourney, Spector, Williams and Richter are leading in the second round, but there is still a first round match to be played between Helen Zucherman and Lynn Perry. (Let's get hep, you two.)

In the horseshoe tournament, none of the men have played. Miss Sue Daniels, Assistant Director of Student Activities at the Student Union, requests that the contestants in this tournament report to her to set dates for the first round. Please comply with this request as soon as possible.

A complete athletic program for members of the CIO convention is being prepared by Coach MacIntosh, supervisor of outdoor sports, and should provide plenty of action for our visitors.

Want Engineers for AAF

The U. S. Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for filling Engineer positions in Army Air Forces at Dayton and Wilmington, Ohio, at salaries ranging from \$3,397 to \$9,975 a year.

No written test is required of competitors for these positions. To qualify, they must have completed an engineering curriculum in a college or university, leading to a bachelor's degree; or have had four years of technical engineering experience, or a combination of such education and experience. In addition they must have had from one to four years of professional engineering experience. Graduate study in engineering may be substituted for as much as two years of this experience.

Detailed information and application forms may be secured from most first and second-class post offices, from Civil Service regional offices, and from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D. C. Applications may be filed until further notice, and should be sent to the Executive Secretary, Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners, Headquarters, Air Materiel Command, Wright Field (Ares A-XCS), Dayton, Ohio. Persons who wish to be considered for positions to be filled immediately should file their applications by August 25, 1947.

Housing for Faculty

A program to provide immediate housing for new faculty members and to provide more adequate dwellings for the members of the present faculty has gotten underway. Robert D. Cashman, acting director of off-campus faculty housing, has announced.

October 12

(Continued from Page Three) would not open. There was a picture of paper on the door. It said something about "Eviction."

Mr. Keaney in Kentucky

(We are indebted to The Westerly Sun sports columnist, Mr. Leo Dotolo, for the following report on the Rhode Island coach's conquest of Kentucky)

Coach Frank W. Keaney, Rhode Island State cage mentor, appearing as guest instructor in basketball at the University of Kentucky's annual free clinic for high school coaches, tells southern listeners that aggressive athletic programs at Kentucky and the midwest place those sections of the country ahead of the east. . . A terrific showman, Keaney has drawn more than 250 mentors to his lectures in Lexington. . . "I haven't heard it," roared the maker of the Swish Kids at one of his performances. "but I can look around this campus and see what athletics has done for Kentucky."

"They're what you call very, very pure back east. May that never happen to you, gentlemen!"

"They think they are far ahead of you. They tell you that. But the truth is that you are just so far ahead of them that they can't see you."

"Would these high school coaches be getting all this instruction free without your aggressive athletic program? No, they wouldn't, and would Kentucky have this big gymnasium without the spectator funds that build it? No, and would your legislature have voted you that big field house for use of all students if your winning basketball team hadn't put public demand back of the project? No, you would be right where Rhode Island and the rest of the New England states are, using two Quonset huts for a student union building."

"I travel around. I go back to Rhode Island and I tell them that you and the rest of the Middle West are far ahead of them. They say, 'Oh no!' I say, 'you think I haven't got eyes. You think I can't see that beautiful student union building on Kentucky's campus. I know.'"

"You make money and you spend money. If we had the money you have we could make Rhode Island State's campus one of the prettiest in the world. But it can't compare with Kentucky's today. Our annual appropriation used to be \$250,000. It's up to \$748,000 now, but look at yours, over two million."

The colorful Rhode Island mentor is proving a big hit at the Kentucky clinic, and high school coaches throughout the state, attracted by reports of his fire horse basketball, have flocked to the lectures in unprecedented numbers. An outspoken critic of the facilities and conditions at Rhode Island State, Keaney will leave Kentucky for another clinic at East Stroudsburg Teachers' College, Pa.

The above information was channeled here by way of Connie Engle former Westerly girl now living in Louisville. . . Many readers may remember her as the former Connie Harvey, whose brother Jim was a three sport star at Westerly and R. I. State. . . Says Connie in commenting on the Keaney ap-

pearance in the Blue Grass country. "Since we in Westerly, and I do say we because it's my home town, feel pretty close to R. I. State and since so many of our Westerly High athletes have started on State's various teams, I am sending you the interview one of the reporters had with Keaney in hopes you will be able to print it. I believe if more people knew how far advanced most all colleges are over Rhode Island, they might try to help the situation. Anyway, this article should open many an eye."

Incidentally, Connie reports that Jim is now a lieutenant (j. g.) in the regular Navy Air Corps stationed in Hawaii. He is flying the TBM and various other Navy planes. The former Rhode Island star, according to all reports, however, is still unable to dodge misfortune. He coached and played on the Squadron basketball team and would have come to the States to meet the winners of the Navy Circuit teams last winter if he hadn't broken his wrist in a game at the last minute. Harvey is now coaching and playing on the softball team and his chances to come to the States again look promising. Athletics are still a part of his life, just as they were in high school and college. This fall he will take over the Squadron football team and his chances to come baseball and track standouts as a scholastic and collegiate competitor and on the State campus he is still remembered for the last second basket that gave the Ram cagers a one point triumph over Brown a number of years ago.

Labor Institute Sessions Held

(Continued from Page One)

tions regardless of what the instructor happened to be saying.

Leonard Kulikowski, a textile worker and member of the union's executive board in Nashua, N. H., who has worked there for 18 years and has been a union member for five of those years, said about the institute. "The classes are very instructive and worthwhile." Margaret Dufour, a cone winder and shop steward, from New Bedford, Mass., said, "The institute is very interesting for people learning to make the union stronger."

These and many other comments were made favorable to the institute. Many, including Arthur Garand, a 55 year old union organizer and textile worker for 25 years in Nashua, N. H., who expressed the wish that these institutes could have been started a long time before. He said that he would have benefitted by the training offered by such an institute.

Recreation for the union representatives in the form of swimming and athletics were also attended by the weary people after the day's classes were over. They found they still had interest in such activities as softball and other athletic games.

Two Rams Get Coaching Jobs

Killingly High School of Danielson will pin its hopes of a sports revival on two former Rhody athletes. Engaged to lead the school out of the athletic wilderness this fall are Larry Panciera of Westerly, who graduated from State last February, and Al Nichols of Scituate, who received his diploma in June. Panciera will be athletic director and head coach of football and baseball, while Nichols will direct the basketball and track teams, in addition to teaching social studies.

Panciera is brother of Donald Panciera, one of the nation's top college quarterbacks, who is now at the University of San Francisco. His college career, interrupted by a stretch of Army duty, was highlighted by his brilliant play on the gridiron. He captained the Rams in his senior year from an end position. Paired on State lines in previous days, with Jim Harvey, also a Westerly High alumnus, Panciera was considered one of the best flankers in New England college gridiron circles.

In 1946, the Killingly eleven won three of 11 games playing a schedule that included games with Plainfield, Stonington, Windham, Stafford Springs, Enfield, Putnam Norwich Free Academy, Marianpolis and Robert Fitch. Panciera will have several veterans of the last fall's team back this year, and plans to start football drills immediately after reporting to his new position on September 3.

Nichols was a crack member of Rhode Island State's basketball team for three years, distinguishing himself as both a forward and a guard. He was a captain of last year's team, which lost only three of the 17 games, and starred for the Rams in their spectacular bid for the National Invitation Tournament in New York during the 1946 season.

Van Johnson Host to Pastore and Dr. Walsh

Hollywood—Gov. John O. Pastore of Rhode Island and Dr. Michael F. Walsh, director of education in that state, were recent guests of Van Johnson here. Walsh was dean of boys at Rogers High School in Newport, R. I., when Van, who is a Newport native, was a student there doing amateur theatrical work. He laid the foundation for his career. Van took time off from movie duties to take his Rhode Island visitors around the lot, including them to numerous stars, including Lana Turner, Ivel Barrymore and George M. Cohan. Van is now finishing a picture and then will take a week off some deep sea fishing, a new sport for him.

"Ho Hum—Oh, Pshaw"

(Continued from Page Two)

Miss Nance McDuff, who up to this point had remained silent, entered the discussion and made the somewhat cryptic remark "Shaw defends himself."

It was impossible to question Miss McDuff further in regard to this statement since the new classes were beginning and it was necessary to disband.

In the corridor outside the classroom, the argument continued in its raging. Many who had not entered into the formal discussion became embroiled.

Although Chatalien was badly outnumbered in his fight supporting Shaw he seemed to take it philosophically. The writer of the article thinks, however, that Dr. Simmons has not heard the last of George Bernard Shaw and may regret the day he ever learned about the man, for it seems quite possible that he will hear enough of him before the Summer School session is over!

Nichols plans to introduce State's famous firehorse type of basketball at Killingly.

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